

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

There—but for the Grace of God...

18 APR. 1944

Stuart Martin looks beyond the law

Dick Gordon Presents
STAGE SCREEN and STUDIO



Meet Three Troupers

EDMUND LOWE, Adolphe in five more languages than he had the "good luck" to be Menjou, Jack Oakie—how most persons speak, says he fired twice from jobs, early in many times have you seen those names?

Three great troupers—meet them:

ONE of the most dependable actors in Hollywood, Edmund Lowe is a native Californian, having been born in San Jose. Educated in that town, he then went to Santa Clara College, where he graduated at 18, joining the faculty the next year.

He was a star athlete at college, and had planned to become a professional baseball player. But he gave these up for a stock company in Los Angeles, and having made his stage debut in "The Brat," he repeated the performance on Broadway with Maude Fulton.

To say he was successful is an under-statement, for he remained on the Great White Way a half-dozen years as a Belasco star, playing opposite Lenore Ulric, among other top-flight feminine stars.

Hollywood called during the silent era, and Eddie made his screen bow as a full-fledged star with Dorothy Dalton in "Viva La France." He was in pictures when sound came in, and with Warner Baxter he made "In Old Arizona."

Famed for his Sergeant Quirt role in "What Price Glory?" and "The Cock-Eyed World," Lowe is also a suave lover, having played romantic parts in "Dinner at Eight," "Dressed to Kill," plus virile roles in "Born Reckless," "Attorney for the Defence," and many Service pictures.

Son of a San Francisco attorney, and widower of the late Lillyan Tashman, Lowe now lives quietly in his Beverly Hills home, dividing his time between good books and music and outdoor sports.



ADOLPHE MENJOU is a firm believer in the divine right of directors and actors to alter wordage on the set.

A veteran of the stage as well, the impeccable Menjou, highest salaried comedy stars, who has made talking pictures had its start, he admits, when

He spoke six languages before he reached high school age. His father was a French hotel proprietor and linguist. Menjou himself was born in Pittsburgh. On his mother's side he is Irish.

Menjou's picture career began before the last war. It hit the top in "The Woman of Paris," directed by Charles Chaplin, in which he first put the faultless tails and manner-of-the-world manner he has worn in so many subsequent roles.

For many years he was starred. Now, top supporting roles are more in Menjou's line. He is an important adjunct to any cast, and says he is happiest in colourful comedy leads, such as the one he plays so hilariously in "You Were Never Lovelier."



JACK OAKIE'S success to

day, as one of the screen's new-comers than anyone else on the lot. These included Bing Crosby, by Lily Pons, Burns and Allen and Alice Faye.

THE order came from the Editor to write about criminals in general; to explain what makes criminals of men; to fathom the minds of murderers, deepest criminals of all.

Who am I to disregard such a command? But my answer may be, in its results, a challenge to the general viewpoint. If you object to my conclusions, come on to the platform. I'll be there to defend myself.

I have been called a criminologist because I have written some books about crimes and the persons who committed them. I am no criminologist. What is left of my Latin tells me that a criminologist is one versed in the anthropology which treats of men (and women) who dabble in crime. There are too many "criminologists" running loose.

I have met many criminals, but I have never met a "criminologist," for, in spite of Latin, I am not sure what a "criminologist" really is. Both seem these days to take a hand in "explaining" evildoers. My ruins of Latin and rags of Greek combined suggest that a Psychologist is a learned gentleman who can talk with wisdom about the souls (*psychicus, psychikos, psyche, psychain*) and minds of men.

But I have never found a "criminologist" or a "psychologist" when I have wanted one or other; or when a murderer seemed to have need of both. Neither of these learned gentlemen puts up a brass plate, like a physician, who says "I am a Medicine Doctor," or like a tradesman, who notifies the world that he is a Registered Plumber, or a Tailor and Clothier.

How, then, is it possible for me to distinguish a Psychologist, or a Criminologist, from anyone who knows no more than I about souls and crime? Must we take his word?

If so, then I remark that Lombroso and those who supported his theories declared that there was a criminal type—low forehead, protruding jowl, narrow eyes, particular cast of feature. But at a meeting of "criminologists," up spoke a frank observer to say that he detected all these characteristics among the "criminologists." Whereat there was loud laughter.

When a "criminologist" speaks of murder and murderers as a class I listen attentively, but am never convinced by theories.

Why do men commit murder, that most terrible of deeds, and what sort commit it? I have found some amusement sometimes in reviewing the acts of some murderers; but I have never been amused watching them fight by legal means for their lives. Stark, stern tragedy then!

As for murderers being of a class, I demur again. Cain killed Abel, probably with an agricultural implement; and on Pitcairn Island a mutineer of the "Bounty" was killed by a companion in exactly the same circumstances. Both were murders; the murderers were of vastly different class and type.

Benvenuto Cellini, the great artist and designer of part of the Vatican, thought little of killing a man. Carlo Gesualdo, one of the greatest of mediaeval musicians, deliberately killed his wife and her lover. Lacaenae, the Frenchman, boasted that he killed men as lightly as he drank a glass of water.

Before his execution in Paris he was visited by fashionable ladies and men; and he wrote a volume of vainglorious memoirs.

Thomas Griffiths Wainwright

gave as his reason for poisoning his young sister-in-law that she had such thick ankles. He omitted to add that Helen Abercrombie, the girl in question, was insured for £18,000. Wainwright was an artist who exhibited at the Royal Academy and wrote charmingly about Art. Charles Lamb admired his work, and when Dickens visited him in prison, Wainwright explained that his fellow-prisoners cleaned his cell for him, as he was a "gentleman."

Robert Butler was another "highbrow" murderer. He spent thirteen years in prison for burglary and theft, and during his prison hours studied music. When he left prison he became a schoolmaster. Then he murdered a young couple and their baby with an axe, and made such a speech in his defence that he was acquitted. But he was hanged for his last murder about 1905.

There are two young men in an American prison to-day because they deliberately killed a small boy named Bobby Franks. The two murderers were Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb. Both were brilliant boys at college, and were little more than youths when they murdered their victim. Both belonged to rich families. Leopold was exceptionally cultured. At the age of 19 he took his degree of Bachelor of Philosophy, and was studying German, French, Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, Russian, Spanish, Umbrian, at the same time.

Buttlers, that inhuman tigress, tried to poison her own daughter, and gave as her reason that the girl was growing too tall.

The Marquise de Brinvilliers, that inhuman tigress, tried to poison her own daughter, and gave as her reason that the girl was growing too tall.

I give these instances to support my contention that there is no "class" of murderers.

"Psychologists" may theorise,

"criminologists" may investigate,

but they leave me unconvinced.

Crime has been the theme of more books than any other subject, except, perhaps, love; yet less is known about it, or the mainspring of it, than any other important human act.

Ask any dozen men you meet what is the cause of crime, and you will probably get a dozen different answers. Ask for a remedy, and you will get twelve different suggestions. Why? Because each sees the criminal from a different angle.

The sociologist sees the evildoer as a product of our social organisation. The jurist sees him as a deliberate law-breaker. The ex-prisoner sees him as an under-dog. Prejudices are based mostly on ignorance. Intelligent men used to believe in hanging for stealing fish out of a pond.

It reminds me of a question put in a certain city to a young Irish member of a police force who had applied for a job in the Health Department.

"What," he was asked, "are rabies, and what can be done for them?"

"Rabies," answered the applicant firmly, "are Jewish priests, and you can't do a damned thing to help them."

And that is just what we do with our murderers. We kill them because we can't help them. We don't seem to know what else to do with them. And we send the others to prison for the same reason.

I have seen many of these men in prison. I have eaten with them, talked with them, read their letters, been with them when they were sick, known them when they were

borne down with sorrow. I have seen several as they went to death. I have found them, in the great majority of cases, very human.

They were, they are, criminals. They broke the law. But I reflect that without law there would be no crime, and that crime cannot be considered apart from the law. So I turn to the law to see what that is.

Take the case of telling a lie. You can tell as many lies as you like, but until you tell one when under oath you have not committed an offence against the law. You have been immoral. A crime in New Jersey may not be a crime in New York. One in London may not be one either in Jersey or New York. Codes vary.

Death by hanging was once prescribed in England for forging banknotes. The bankers got that altered. Why? Because juries got to the stage where they didn't convict, and these bankers wanted punishment, not acquittals. So forgers were sent to prison—for long terms.

If I may intrude one of my own objections to capital punishment, it is that it has always been a failure and always will be a failure. Proof that it is no deterrent lies in the fact that when England had 240 capital offences, crime was far more prevalent than now.

Pickpockets, for whom detection meant death, plied their "trade" at public hangings in sight of the scaffold. Fewer murders are committed to-day in countries which have abolished capital punishment than in the others that retain it.

Execution is, of course, merely the theory of retaliation—an old Mosaic law. Then why not fix punishment for other crimes on the same basis?

Lewis E. Lawes, Warden of Sing Sing, told me he opposed capital punishment after years of contact with condemned men. Robert G. Elliott, the executioner, told me the same thing.

Nevertheless, even if a law is absurd, it is still the law, and you break it at your peril. Men commit crime for a multitude of reasons. Why do people steal spoons and cutlery from hotels, or try to cheat the income tax?

But there is no criminal type, and it is a remarkable fact that murderers make the gentlest prisoners as a rule. Their crisis has passed. Every man has his breaking point.

The truth is that we are all potential criminals. Few honest people will object to that.

Space is too limited here to deal fully with the mighty subject of crime. If men do stupid and cruel acts, so does the law. If we suffer absurdities, that is but to suffer one another—for who is not absurd?

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

THE TALE OF THE SEA-GREEN GROCER

—The errant Counterhand who went for'ard

LULU MICHAELIDES glanced carelessly up as ex-grocer Pybus burst abruptly into the singing-room of the "Flags of All Nations," and continued her conversation with the man in the fur cap. They were discussing the common ailments of the Australian cockatoo, a splendid specimen of which sidled up and down the edge of the counter tearing pieces off the gaudy show-cards.

"You take my tip and give 'im caraway seeds soaked in a drop of rum," urged the barmaid, "you'll have no more trouble with 'im then."

"You're wrong there, miss," insisted the owner. "That sort of munjee would 'ave 'im stiff in a week. You can't beat bacon rinds and a saucer of cold tea, and that's dinkum."

Miss Michaelides frowned; she was not accustomed to hear her rulings on such matters disputed. "All right, 'ave it your own way," she said shortly, "only don't blame me when the popguy conks." And she lifted an inquiring eyebrow in the direction of Reginald Pybus, who was standing irresolutely in the middle of the room.

Slender, arched eyebrows she had, curving above dark, intelligent eyes, which were curiously oblique for one whose name hinted so broadly at Hellenic ancestry. Since, however, she had lived in Limehouse all her life, this was possibly the effect of environment. Her smooth, white complexion admirably set off the wide red mouth, enhancing the effect which her film-struck female acquaintances enviously described as "Spanish."

Slowly Pybus gathered from the barmaid's air of expectancy that he was desired to name his poison; he advanced to the bar accordingly and demanded beer.

"Mild or bitter?" asked Miss Michaelides impersonally, extending a shapely forearm in the direction of the shining beer handles standing like polished exclamation marks along the mahogany counter. A bangle of gold Mexican pesos encircled her wrist, given by the mate of a Tampico tan-

ker, whose jealousy had been awakened by a moonstone ring from Colombo. Indeed, Miss Michaelides was something of a connoisseur of bric-a-brac, and an indirect source of income to the bumboatmen of half a hundred far-off seaports. She knew to a couple of pice the worth of Benares brass trays, and could mention offhand the sum in yen which would purchase Japanese tea-sets of any given type.

JASPAR POWER tells the story

Pybus had carried his beer to a little table in a corner, and having at length regained a measure of composure, began to take stock of his surroundings. His interest quickened as the scraps of conversation which he overheard indicated that he had stumbled into a rendezvous of merchant seamen. The grocer knew quite a lot about sailors, for he had had a small part in "H.M.S. Pinafore."

They were, he knew, a peculiarly simple and innocent type of men, and on shore the natural prey of harpies and landsharks, who duped and robbed them so easily that the shrewder landsman stood amazed. This remarkable guilelessness was the natural result of years spent roaming the water-fronts of New York and Buenos Aires and Shanghai and Marseilles, where they had no chance to study the wickedness of humanity. When actually on the high seas they lived on salt pork, and were prone to fall upon one another fiercely with handspikes and belaying pins.

On the walls of the pub were photographs of old ships fading into a reddish-brown haze, through which it was barely possible to distinguish the details. Pybus stood up to examine them more closely.

"Aye, look at 'em, boy, look at 'em," piped a high, shaky voice at his elbow. "Ye'll never see the like of them again, while winds blow and seas run."

It was an old, old man who had spoken, a withered ancient crouching over a very weak mixture of rum and water. The tepid mixture lay in tiny pools on the table in front of him, spilt there-by the shaking of his blue-veined hand.

"All gone, every last one of 'em," he went on querulously, jerking a trembling thumb at the line of faded pictures. "I was mate of her, that one above

your head, boy, when she ran ashore on Fernando Noronha in '87. Boy, what will you drink?"

"Beer?" snarled the domineering ancient, "the beer nowadays is weaker than gnat spittle. Give him a double rum, miss, and put a spoonful of pepper in it, if you have any." Miss Michaelides had pepper, and did not spare it.

"Your very good health, mister," said the old man, raising his wobbling glass with an old-fashioned flourish.

"Now what's the matter with you?" he burst out a moment later, "coughing your soul out and pulling faces over three fingers of cold grog. When I was a young fellow in the half-deck I'd have sucked brandy through a dead man's tripe. There were wooden ships and iron men in those days, now there's only wooden men and iron ships. There's not a son of a bitch in this room ever had his foot on a skys'l yard," he went on, raising his voice. "Soojee moojee sailors, that's all you are. I've emptied more salt water out of my sea-boots than you've ever seen."

But at this point Pybus was spared further details of the old man's lurid past, an interruption on the part of the barmaid abruptly checking the adjectival flow. "Ere's your granddaughter come to take you 'ome, Captain Rodgers," she said, indicating a small child who had been peeping through the swing-doors for several minutes.

"Mummie says you've got to put this on because it's cold," said the child in the tone of one accustomed to be obeyed, and displayed a thick woollen muffler.

"Aye, aye," answered Captain Rodgers meekly, while Miss Michaelides wound the muffler round his shrunken throat and stowed the ends neatly inside his overcoat.

"Hurry up, granddad," urged the child, impatiently snatching at his hand and half pulling him through the door.

"Eighty-nine come next April," was the barmaid's comment as the pair disappeared, "and a proper old shellback."

"Aye, 'e's a real old 'eart yarn of the mainbrace," agreed the owner of the cockatoo, gently lowering his pint pot.

"E's bloody well stone jug, that's what I think," interrupted a red-haired individual who had been alternately gnawing his stump fingernails and expectorating sarcastically during the other's remarks. The sparsely filled seabag leaning against his knee suggested the seaman about to join his ship, but the striking pallor of his flabby face told no tale of recent exposure to equatorial sun or roaring trade.

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wind. On the contrary, it suggested prolonged confinement within stone walls, and indeed Red Mahaffy had but recently emerged from the calaboose.

He belonged to that elect body of occasional mariners whose rare voyagings are inspired more by the attentions of the police than any romantic yearning for foreign travel. When these inquisitive busy-bodies took to dropping into his favourite dosshouse every time a few gewgaws were missed from some suburban sideboard, the red-haired one was accustomed to take the pierhead jump. A last-minute job on some short-handed vessel was a simple method of securing privacy and peace of mind.

As a general rule, however, Mr. Mahaffy was not greatly enamoured of the sea, finding the hours vexatious and the food monotonous. Besides, he could make money much more easily ashore. It was his talent for making money which had caused his last incarceration, for he had carelessly allowed certain patches of plaster of paris to adhere to his clothing. A slight squint had not helped his plea of mistaken identity.

Now, finding himself the centre of attention, he repeated his original contention. "That old man's bughouse," he said aggressively.

The champion of the good old days pushed the fur cap to the back of his head and surveyed Mr. Mahaffy with obvious distaste. "It don't signify what you think, mister," he said at length. "Keep yourself to yourself when better men is talking."

There was a sudden silence in the singing-room as Red Mahaffy half rose from his seat and reached mechanically for the heavy delph ashtray, but at that moment the cockatoo chose to contribute its first remark of the evening.

"Eight bells," it croaked in sepulchral tones, and went off into shrieks of inhuman laughter. Even Mahaffy could not repress a sour grin as he subsided and applied himself again to his beer.

"I eard the 'Erod Antipas' ad the Peter up this afternoon," said Miss Michaelides rather shrilly, and she glanced meaningly at the man in the fur cap. Taking the hint, he ostentatiously turned his back on Mahaffy, planted his elbows firmly on the counter, and said in an elaborately casual tone, "The 'Antipas'? I didn't know she was in. Did she sign 'ere?"

"No, the 'Erod Antipas' signed in the Bristol Channel before she come round the land," said Miss Michaelides, "in Cardiff I think it was. She's took coolies below and a white

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9
10			11						
12		13	14						
15			16	17					
18		19	20						
23	24			25	26				
27	28		29	30					
31		32	33						
34				35					
36			37						

CLUES DOWN.

1 Fish. 2 Bottle. 3 Unconcealed. 4 Smoke. 5 Colloquially catch. 6 Firmly fixed. 7 Otherwise. 8 Furry animal. 9 Boy's name. 13 Hot drinks. 16 Europeans. 20 Rod. 21 Exceeded. 22 Leg bone. 23 Take place. 24 Analyse grammatically. 25 Fruit. 26 Irascible. 28 Sharpener. 30 Causes friction. 32 Utter.

BLADES TIFF
ACINERARIA
TRUDGE MORN
HEMR CANES
OPERATOR'S
SUN VAN VIM
D PERSUADE
TIMID PLET
HAIL FINISH
ETCETERAS O
MEED DEPEND

deck crowd, as usual. One of the A.B.s was backed out already, and that red-arsed stiff's going away in 'er instead." And the barmaid nodded in the direction of the amiable Red Mahaffy.

"'Ow the 'ell did you know?" growled that gentleman, who must have had very quick ears. "Can't I see your blinking seabag, stoopid? Ain't the 'Antipas' the only ship finished in the Basin this week? And besides, I 'appen to know you cashed a month's advance at Gabie Sloshberg's before you come in 'ere at opening time."

"Well, I did sign on the 'Antipas,' as it 'appens," admitted Mr. Mahaffy, with an air of disarming candour, "but it was at the Shipping Office, and I 'aven't seen 'er yet. Wot sort of a packet is she?" A gleam of malicious satisfaction flitted across the unshorn features of the man in the fur cap. He drew in a deep breath and eyed Mahaffy with the anticipatory pleasure of a Christian Scientist who has been rashly asked the nature of a pain.

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Mr. Mahaffy said nothing, but it was not a happy face he buried in his fifth pot of mixed.

Meanwhile, Pybus had ordered another drink. As he returned the shining new wallet to his pocket after paying, he became uneasily aware of Red Mahaffy's asymmetrical glance.

8 When and where was Lyons first tea-shop opened?

9 What colour is cerulean?

10 Where is the world's highest railway bridge?

11 Apart from the close season, on what days is it illegal to kill pheasants in England?

12 Name three people associated with a lamp.

Answers to Quiz in No. 312

- None. The Hebrew alphabet has no letter W.
- Barbers were originally surgeons; red represented blood, white the bandages; hence the red and white poles outside a barber's.
- The drum.
- Vatican City.
- An ancient Greek.
- Yes.
- You can swim faster in fresh water.
- Use it to keep time.
- Icebergs are composed of fresh water, from glaciers.
- Military law applies to the Armed Forces; martial law is the imposition of rule by the military over the civil population.

WANGLING WORDS—268

1. Put three months' hard in CENTRE and make a measurement.

2. Rearrange the letters of HEM SHIRT MAM to make a well-known London borough.

3. Altering one letter at a time and making a new word with each alteration, change: SNOW into BALL, PIPE into DRUM, WISE into GUYS, LEAD into LINE.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from LONGITUDINAL?

Answers to Wangling

Words—No. 267

- INCandescent.
- TELEPHONES.
- WATER, PATER, PALER, PALES, PALLS, WALLS, WELLS.
- LAST, CAST, CASE, BASE, BANE, BAND, WAND, WEND, WEEK.
- DAWN, DOWN, MOWN, MOWS, MOSS, DOSS, DOSE, ROSE, RUSE, RUSK, DUSK.
- WORK, WORE, WIRE, TIRE, TIME.
- PRICELESS, meaning without price and also beyond price.



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Wanted Cheetah Racing

Says W. H. Millier

K. C. GANDAR DOWER, one of the great amateur all-rounders of the world of sport, is reported missing, believed drowned, whilst on his way to Ceylon.

A few of his friends are optimistic enough to believe that he will turn up one of these days, and I hope that their optimism is fully justified. He was a fine footballer, and equally good at Rugby or Soccer, and as a lawn tennis player he was in the front rank.

He represented Cambridge University at tennis, lawn-tennis, Rugby fives, Eton fives, squash rackets and billiards.

He took up farming in Kenya after the last war and remained in East Africa for a number of years. When he returned to England he brought with him ten cheetahs with the idea of rivalling greyhound racing as a popular attraction.

He had to wait while his animals were serving a six months' sentence in quarantine for being foreigners, and in the meantime he used up lots of his amazing energy in trying to persuade the greyhound people to interest themselves in cheetah racing, but without much success.

It must have cost a pretty penny to keep his pets during the time they were in quarantine, but he was very hopeful of showing the public how much faster they were than greyhounds.

I am afraid the greyhound racing public did not take more than a passing interest in the racing cheetahs, which were looked upon as interlopers introduced as a stunt.

The cheetahs were kept without food for 24 hours in order to make them chase, and you can be sure they would chase anything in the shape of a meal after that ordeal.

One of the cheetahs set the record for the Romford track when chasing an imitation meal, and he was so hungry that he devoured the ancient rabbit skin covering the dummy hare.

It was interesting to note that a cheetah could cover a short distance at a faster pace than a greyhound, but it is to be doubted whether it served any other purpose. In spite of the oft-repeated remark that certain people will bet on anything, it remains that very few would be prepared to bet on cheetahs.

When Gandar Dower was trying to work up interest in his Eastern chasers, I recall how one man, who had had a long run of backing losers, turned to me and said with scornful voice, "Cheetahs, eh? Well, there's nothing like calling 'em by the right name. I've been backing a lot of cheaters lately, only they call 'em greyhounds."

No doubt the word *phoney* is a rather disreputable relation of the respectable word *phonetics*.

As Gandar Dower was anything but a fool, I have never been able to understand how on earth he expected to make a success of cheetah racing.

I doubt if there are enough animals in the world to be able to make up a regular race programme devoted solely to cheetahs. It may surprise some people to know that in ordinary times the average track needs to be able to draw upon 200 greyhounds in order to provide three meetings a week.

Apart from illness, the number of injuries, usually toes and strained muscles, demand a big reserve if the fit greyhounds are not to be over-raced.

Another point is that it is extremely doubtful whether an intelligent animal like the cheetah would continue to chase a dummy. He might chase a juicy joint of meat, particularly after a long fast, but there is always the fear that he might chase a couple of juicy-looking bookmakers for preference.

It is largely because the greyhound is the big chump of the canine world that he continues night after night to chase a dummy hare round a track.

You would not get any of the more intelligent breeds to try it more than once. As a matter of fact, when greyhound racing first became popular, an indoor track was installed at the Stadium Club, with the idea that a bunch of fox-terriers would race after an imitation rat on a trolley.

The organisers had not made allowances for the intelligence of fox-terriers. These little rat-catchers quickly observed that the quarry came round in a circle.

They didn't chase after it; they waited for it to come round to them. The result was no betting, and that finished the terrier-racing experiment.

Good Morning



"Hmm... Well, I've certainly 'broken out' at last, but I'm not so sure that it's all it's cracked up to be."



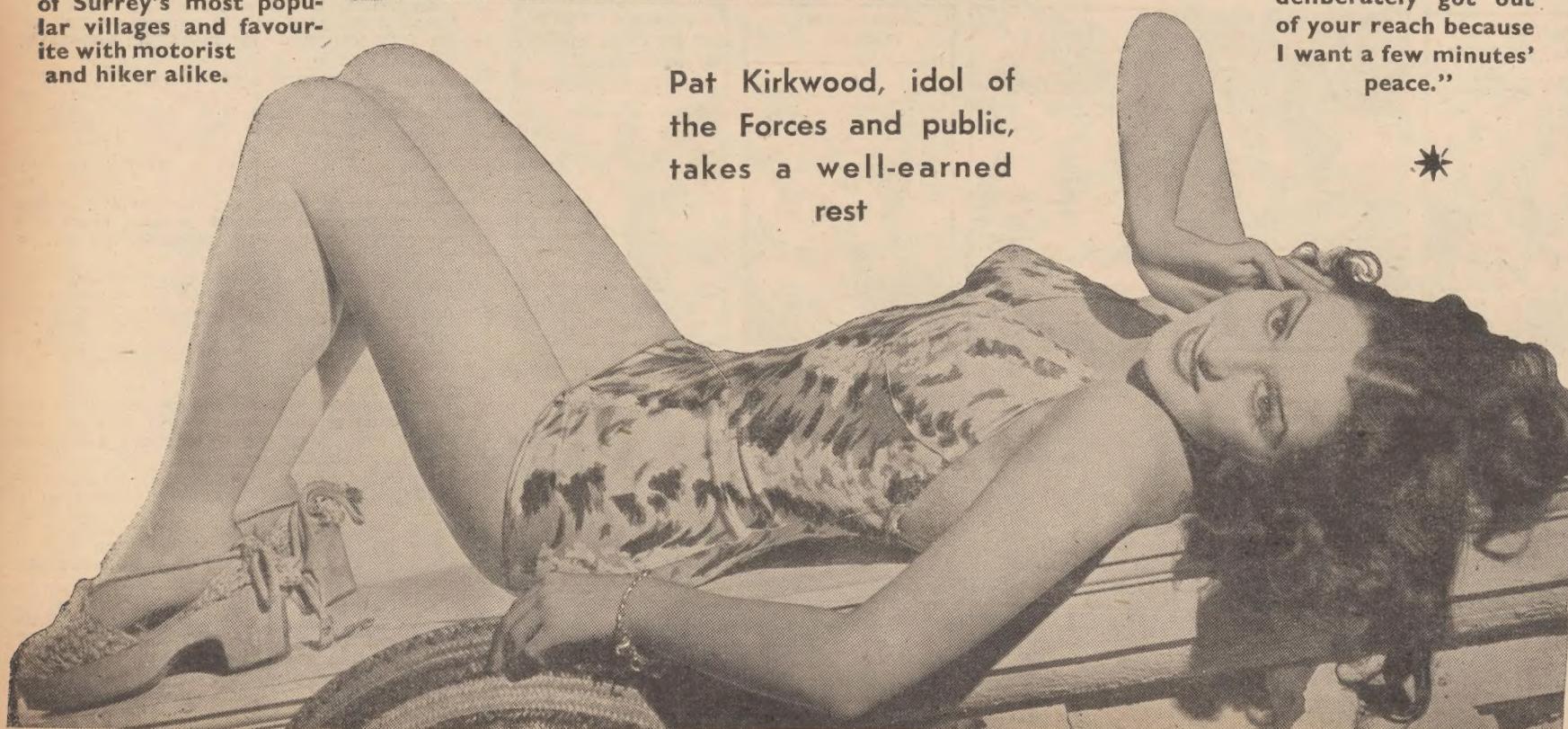
"Cleaning the family footwear isn't the job I'd choose, but I suppose it's what daddy meant when he used to say 'Come on, son, rise and shine'."



This England

Abinger Hammer, one of Surrey's most popular villages and favourite with motorist and hiker alike.

Pat Kirkwood, idol of the Forces and public, takes a well-earned rest



"No, certainly not. You've pestered me all morning and I've deliberately got out of your reach because I want a few minutes' peace."



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

